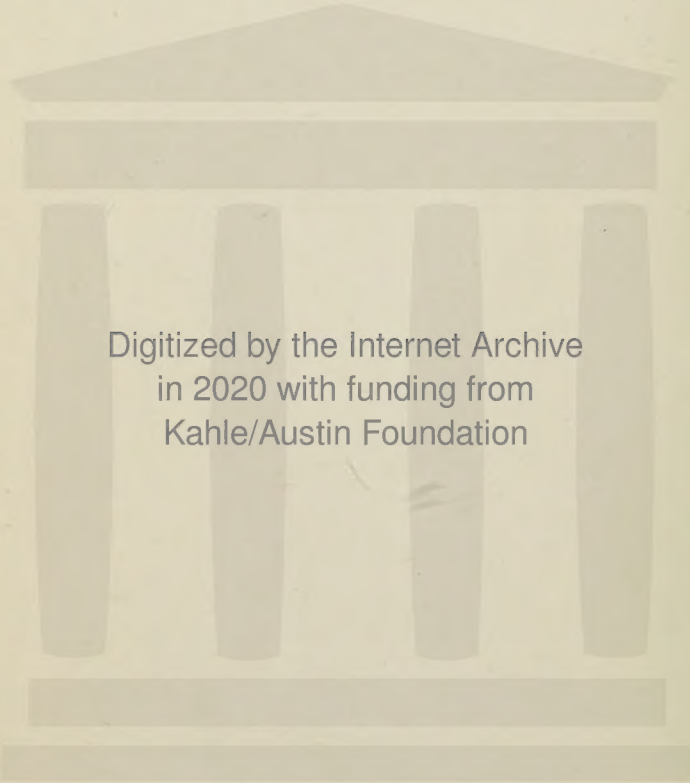


First Edition

Margaret G. Mackenzie



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Others Abide

“ Others abide our question ”

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Other books by the same Author

✱

V E R S E

London Sonnets
Shylock reasons with Mr. Chesterton
Kensington Gardens
The Unknown Goddess
Humoresque
Requiem
Five Poems (in the Press)
Volume in the Augustan Poets

S A T I R E S

Lampoons
News of the Devil

P R O S E

Circular Saws

OTHERS ABIDE

Humbert Wolfe



LONDON Ernest Benn Limited MCMXXVII

Note

THESE translations are in the order of the Loeb Edition of the Greek Anthology (Heinemann). The translator's aim has been to follow the original as closely as he could. He has naturally studied the Greek, but has checked his own versions by having resource to authorised translations, notably those of Paton and Mackail.

A small group of the poems appeared in "The Spectator" and are re-published with permission.

General Index

- I. The Love Poems
(Poems in Book V. and Book XII.)
- II. The Dedicatory Poems
(Poems in Book VI.)
- III. The Sepulchral Poems
(Poems in Book VII.)
- IV. The Declamatory Poems
(Poems in Book IX. and Book X.)
- V. The Convivial and Satirical Poems
(Poems in Book X. and Book XI.)
- VI. The Planudean Poems *

* NOTE

The poems in this section were collected in the fourteenth century by a monk, Planudes. The original collection, made by Cephalas, in the tenth century, was rediscovered by Claude de Saumaire, in 1606. The Planudean section was later incorporated, and the whole anthology printed in Leipzig at the end of the eighteenth century.

Invocation

*Euterpe, since they brought to you the long
unbroken centuries of Grecian song,
after another thousand years, I bring
these English echoes, and, though faltering,
will you, because I dare not, offer these
to Meleager and Simonides.*

The Love Poems

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Proem

SINCE *love's the torch at which lads' hearts
are lit,*
these verses, made for youth, begin with it.

Constantine Cephalas

Rufinus to His Elpis

RUFINUS *to his Elpis these in sorrow :*
If aught is good in absence, sweet, good-morrow !
Good-morrow, but what morrow can be well
when days for me are darkness, night is Hell ?
When evermore Coressus hill I trample
in tears, and tearful seek Diana's temple.
But with the dawn to you I'll fly. Till then
Farewell, farewell, and oh farewell again !

Rufinus

Ariste

MOON *with your golden horns, and stars, like*
leaves
tossed from the sky, that ocean's heart receives,
see ! how the witch Ariste, breathing myrrh,
has fled, and these six days I seek for her.
You are the silver hounds of Cypris. Aid
a lover, heavenly pack, to find his maid !

Marcus Argentarius

Prodike

DID I not say : “ We’ll wither. We shall see
how soon ! love’s dissolutions, Prodike ?
Wrinkles, grey hair, and all the perfidies
of face and form ? ” And now who seeks
your kiss ?
And who beseeches in its gathering gloom
your beauty, lonely as a wayside tomb ?

Rufinus

Warning to Eros

BEWARE lest, love, too often with your stings
goaded, my soul takes flight. She too has wings.

Meleager

Carpe diem.

SINCE life’s so sweet, since I shall live but once,
and since this is so fleeting, sorrow hence !
I’ll live to-day, drink, dance, and with the rose
garland my loves. To-morrow ? No man knows.

Palladas of Alexandria

Rhodocleia

I SEND you, *Rhodocleia*, pledge of love,
this floral wreath that mine own fingers wove
of rose and lily, windflower all wet,
with pale narcissus, and dim violet.
Wear them, and learn that, exquisite as those,
but no less brief, your beauty shines and goes.

Rufinus

Rose-girl

FLOWER or girl, *which do you sell none knows,*
since each, rose-girl, is equally a rose.

Dionysius the Sophist.

Were I a Blossom—

WERE *I a blossom, so might I loveliest*
mislead with rose the candour of your breast.

Anon.

The Myrrh I Send—

THE *Myrrh* I send itself, not her, enriches,
who to its sweet her greater sweetness teaches.

Anon.

Timarion

BIRDLIME *your touch, eyes flame, Timarion.*
Gaze and you burn; kiss, and my freedom's gone.

Meleager

Break the Oath or your Heart

FOR *two nights long to leave Hedyllion*
I swore by Cytherea. But she knew
(and smiling heard me) I could scarce last one,
and certainly would break my oath for two.
But, goddess, couldst thou count it blasphemy
rather to live for her than die for thee?

Maecius

Melite

WHERE is Praxiteles? Where is the skill
that in your Art lives, Polycleitus, still?
Where are the modellers, the sculptors where,
to snatch from time the fragrance of your hair,
dawn in your eyes, your columned throat, and be
a temple for your beauty, Melite?

Philodemus

Heliodora

WITH every drop you pour into the cup
cry "Heliodora," and I'll drink her up.
And though that garland's wet with last night's
myrrh,
I'll wear it now, and dream I'm crowned with
her.
But see! her rose that weeps, as who should say:
"Lover, where is your love of yesterday?"

Meleager

Zenophila

NOW *the white violet, narcissus now
bloom, and the lillies on each mountain-brow.
Yes! and Zenophila, surpassing those
see! where—love's flower of flowers—shines the
rose.*

*But you outperfume, as you dim more fair,
the fields—bright braggarts with their petalled
hair.*

Meleager

Wreath with my tears—

WREATH *with my tears—a lover's tears—all
wet,
hang by his threshold, nor spill your petals yet.
But, when he comes, suffer my sweet despair
lovely to rain upon his lovelier hair.*

Asclepiades

Asclepias (1st version)

DRAWN *by your eyes, like seas when no wind
stirs,
we all, Asclepias, are mariners.*

Meleager

Asclepias (2nd version)

ASCLEPIAS, *your eyes like summer seas
launch the whole world on love's long voyages.*

Meleager

Heliodora and the Bee

WHY *dost thou leave thy flowers, bee, to settle
upon her softer skin than spring's own petal?
Wilt thou, in seeking Heliodora, prove
that with the sweet there goes the sting of love?
Is this thy message? Go! it comes too late!
Long since I learned it, wanton, from my fate.*

Meleager

The Cup of Zenophila

ZENOPHILA, *the goblet at your lip
boasts—happy cup—of that sweet fellowship.
O were the cup my mouth, you might have quaffed
my soul, beloved, at a single draught.*

Meleager

Zenophila Sleeping

DREAM on, Zenophila, and let me creep
wingless beneath your lashes, ousting sleep,
that seals—a god himself—the lids of Zeus;
and have your beauty for my single use.

Meleager

Fire and Water

WHAT *though each word's a sigh, each sigh's
a word*

*accusing love's contempts, love has not heard,
or, hearing, laughs the more the more you chide
him,*

*Yes, and he thrives on compliments denied him.
Which sets me wondering, Cypris, how you came
to make the sea you sprang from bear a flame.*

Meleager

The Town-crier and Love

OYEZ! *wild love is lost! The rogue is sped,
flying this very morning from his bed.*
Description? Sweet in tears, swift, babbling
ever,
dear malice in his smile, winged, with a quiver.
Who was the rascal's father? I've no notion,
since Air disowns him, Earth, and even Ocean.
He is the rogue of all the world. And therefore
look to the hearts the truant sets his snare for.
But see where walks Zenophila. Sure no man
that gazes in her eyes, but finds the bowman.

Meleager

Love for Sale

SELL him! though snuggled at his mother's
breast.

Sell him! why should I rear the little pest?
Snub-nosed, half-fledged, and, scratching all the
while

he weeps the better to display his smile.

How can I rear a lynx-eyed chatterbox,
whose venom at his mother's guidance mocks?

The thing's a monster. Find a pedlar! Maybe
one leaving town at once will buy this baby!

But look! love pleads, he weeps. Nay!
cease I tell you!

Stay with Zenophila and I'll not sell you.

Meleager

Love's Pale Votary

STARS, and you moon, who light the lover in,
Night, and my serenading mandolin,
Say shall I find my wanton still awake,
Or calling on her lamp for love's dear sake,
and by herself? If not, I'll hang a wreath,
all tears, against her door, and write beneath
the suppliant blooms "Cypris! thy spoils to thee
from Meleager, thy pale votary."

Meleager

Niko

NIKO—her charm that draws men overseas
and unbreeched striplings from their nurseries,
of lucid amethyst in golden bed,
softly suspended on its purple thread—
for Cypris, to be stored among her riches—
from the Larissan to the queen of witches.

Anon.

Love's Uncompassionate Tyrannies

*STILL in my ears love murmurs, still my eyes
confess his uncompassionate tyrannies.*

*Nor day nor night release me from the spell
that all who know him, know (and fear) too well.
Ah love, the wings with which you seek us, when
you find us, grow too tired to leave again.*

Meleager

The Long Night of Love

*GIVE my love room, dawn-star, nor copy Mars
thy angry neighbour, and between the stars
pace slowly, as you paced, when Phaethon
dreamed by his love, and would not yoke the Sun.
Tarry as then, and let my ravished soul
share the long midnight of the starless Pole.*

Macedonius the Consul

Rhodanthe

TEARS *all night long, and, when dawn bids me
slumber,*

*high in my heart the swallows cry and clamber,
banishing gentle sleep from lids that part
in tears to feign Rhodanthe at my heart.*

*Peace, jealous gossips! For it was not I
tore out the tongue of Philomel—or cry
“Itylus” on the mountains, and lament
where in the rocks the hoopoe keeps her tent.
And let me dream I lay my head to rest,
sleeping at last in the beloved’s breast.*

Agathias

Lais

SWEET is the smile of Lais. Sweeter still
the tears from eyes that will not, and they will.
For yesterday, when leaning at my shoulder
she sighed, though I did neither tease nor scold
her,
and tears upon our lips, as fountains cool,
fell on our kiss and made it wonderful.
But when I asked, her only answer was:—
“Because all men are faithless and because. . .”

Paulus Silentarius

“O, leave a Kiss within the Cup”

BRING me no wine. Or do thou kiss the cup,
if I must drink, and I will drain it up.
What could I do but, where the kiss has sunk,
with that changed liquor be divinely drunk,
what, when to mine the beaker oars the kiss
it tasted at your mouth, but burn with this?

Agathias

Feather after Feather

FEAR *not the darts of love. For, raging, he
emptied upon my heart his armoury.
Nor fear his wings. They will no longer beat
for any other, since his cruel feet
have trod my heart, and, staying altogether,
he sheds about me feather after feather.*

Paulus Silentarius

The Nemesis of Love

SHE *who was lovely, but as proud as fair,
tossing the woven glories of her hair,
who mocked my grief, strays now a withered
ghost
mourning her loveliness for ever lost.
Where are the snows that were her breasts? the
wonder
men called her voice? her brows', her eyelids'
splendour?
Gone with grey hairs, love's Nemesis, that must
bring all things fair, but first the proud, to dust.*

Agathias

Love and Dice

LOVE, *still a baby on his mother's knee,
diced for my 'soul, and won it casually.*

Meleager

Love and Timarion

LOVE *and Timarion matched their wings and
eyes,
and that is why the god no longer flies.*

Meleager

Dawn and Evening-star

BRING *back, dawn-star, the kisses that you
thieve,
returning swiftly as the star of eve.*

Meleager

Lads ! Have a Care !

LADS ! *have a care. See where Arcesilaus
comes leading love, all tethered—to betray us.*

Anon.

Warning against Love

I TOLD you, my poor heart, “ Love’s here.

Awaken !

The lime is on the bough. We shall be taken ! ”

*And now because love feeds your flames with
myrrh,*

*your thirst with tears, that make you thirstier,
you cry, and vainly beat your captive wings.*

Ab, but I warned you, fool, of all these things.

Meleager

Set a Thief to Catch a Thief

FRIEND, *you are wounded, and I never knew,
until that sigh near broke your heart in two
with the third glass, and when the wreath unbound
petal by petal with roses strewed the ground.
And if I swear you burn, it's not belief
but knowledge. Trust a thief to catch a thief!*

Callimachus

The Dedicatory Poems

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Promachus to Phoebus

HIS *curv'd bow, his well-filled quiver thus
are brought, sun-god, as gifts by Promachus.
His eager shafts he cannot give. Seek these,
god, in the hearts of his dead enemies.*

Mnasalcas

The Mirror of Lais

YIELDING *to time her beauty's heritage
Lais abjures the witnesses of age,
and to the queen of what her glory was
thus dedicates her hated looking-glass.
" Since for your loveliness time holds no terror,
immortal Cytherea, take my mirror."*

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

The Unfortunate Fisherman to Astarte

ACCEPT *this net, Astarte. When I trailed it,
It burst with sea-weed. Only fishes failed it.*

Anon.

A Goat for Pan

HORNED *to the horned one, to the rough his
fellow,
light-foot to lighter, this in woods that ran
to the wood-god from Charicles—a yellow
goat, by the rocky hills he loves, for Pan.*

Agathias Scholasticus

The Fishermen to Priapus

GOD *of the beach, Priapus, we who trawled
for tunny-fish that in wide circles swing
down the green lanes of ocean, when we called
you heard, and, therefore, of our gains we bring
this beechen bowl, of heath this rustic stool,
this crystal cup for drinking like the first,
so after dancing you may rest, and cool
your mouth, when parched, with wine, and
banish thirst.*

Maecius

Hermophiles and his Euronyme

TO *Peitho and the Paphian comb and curd
Hermophiles and his Euronyme.*

*One gift for each—the honey for the herd,
for his rose-bride the milk, as white as she.*

Johannes Barbucallus

Daphnis Leaves his Flock

NOW *that my hands grow heavy once that were
light in the fold, and shake, that never shook,
to Pan, who loves the fields, his luteplayer,
deserting them for ever, gives his crook.*

*But since I still can play the pipe, and still
my songs undaunted their old cadence keep,
tell not the hungry wolves, that haunt the hill,
that Daphnis grows too old to watch his sheep.*

Macedonius the Consul

The Empty Cask

XENOPHON gives (*What more could Bacchus ask?*)

all that his thirst has spared—this empty cask.

Eratoſthenes Scholaſticus

Daphnis to Pan

THESE pipes, this club, this skin to gentle Pan
from Daphnis, now that song and love are over.
Take them, wood-god, who, equally with man,
are still a poet, and were once a lover.

Eratoſthenes Scholaſticus

Pan and Daphne

“NO! not a reed!” Pan cried “Meliscus” when
I offered mine “nor all love’s pain again.”

Paulus Silentarius

The Goldsmith to Hermes

THESE bellows for their little gale that served
the forge, the file that bit the ore, the curved
arms of the tongs that held the gold across,
and these hare's pads, that gathered up the dross,
now that his eyes with misty age are gone
to Hermes from the goldsmith, Demophon.

Philippus

The Winner in the Team-race

THIS torch—the runners' goal, the victor's meed—
Antiphanes that bears his father's name,
to Hermes brings, still burning, since his speed
stole, and, like great Prometheus, saved the
flame.

Erinagoras

Lamon, the Gardener, to Priapus

*THIS pomegranate in his cloth of gold,
this wrinkled face of a fig, fold upon fold,
these smoky purples of the unripe grape,
this fragrant quince wrapped in his fleecy cape,
this walnut, peering from his verdant sheath,
this green and varnished cucumber, beneath
the greener leaves that hides, this sturdy stock
of olives, glowing in their golden smock,
Lamon, the gardener, to Priapus brings,
and may his fruit and he share prosperous springs.*

Philippus

Kings in Green Arcady

*YOU wardens of the hills, who keep the dance,
kings in Green Arcady, with horns like Pan's,
accept the wealth he sacrifices thus,
and let his flocks enrich Dictimus.*

Myrinus.

Sosis, Phila, and Polycrates

LUTE, bow, and twisted net—to Phoebus these
from Sosis, Phila, and Polycrates.

*And let, since the bow's horn, of tortoiseshell
the singer's lute, the meshes woven well,
the archer at the butts, in song the second,
the hunter in the chase, supreme be reckoned.*

Antipater

Biton to his Gods

TO Bacchus, to the Nymphs and rural Pan
these from old Biton the Arcadian.

*For Pan this new-born kid, no more to play
beside his mother, ivy from the spray
for Bacchus, for the Nymphs these crimson roses,
and all the blooms September's shade discloses.
And do you, Bacchus, Pan and Nymphs incline
to bless my house with water, milk and wine.*

Leonidas of Tarentum or Gaetulicus

Pallas Athene and the Cricket

NOT *only does my little music stir
in summer heats the grateful traveller
with melodies unpaid, or with the dews
paid that I sip in the tall avenues.
But on the spear of Pallas look! they set
the cricket, as the helmed one's amulet.
The Muses love me, and I trump their suit
with love of Pallas, who first played the flute.*

Leonidas

But not the Dog—

THIS *dog, this pouch, this spear I dedicate,
Pan and the Dryads. But I deem it just
if I take back the dog to share my fate—
a friend who will not scorn my humble crust.*

Macedonius the Consul

A Hat for Artemis

WITH love to *Artemis*, who keeps the road,
because of vows she answered, paths she showed
offers—a mite, but none the worse for that,
Antiphilus this ordinary hat.

*And, thieves, remember that to steal a pledge,
even the least, from heaven is sacrilege.*

Antiphilus of Byzantium

A Boy to Phoebus

THESE, *Phoebus*, his first tresses, as he should
Eudoxus brings, the gold of baby-hood.

*Grant, Archer, as he grows, that in their stead
the laurels of Acharnæ crown his head.*

Euphorion

To Mercury from Philocles

THIS *gentle ball, this spinning top,*
this rattle, that would never stop,
the bones of which he loved the noise—
his babyhood's beloved toys—
since he has grown too old for these
to Mercury from Philocles.

Leonidas of Tarentum

The Sepulchral Poems

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Erinna

O YOUNGEST chorister, when your lips brushed
the honey dews, Erinna, of song and youth,
singing "O jealous death," your voice was hushed
for ever. Poet, you sang with too much truth.

Leonidas

Anacreon

BLOOM, four-fold ivy, meadow-flowers, bloom,
making a garden of Anacreon's tomb.
Flow milk in argent fountains, wine in red
pour all your perfumes, so that if the dead
can know delight, his bones, or ash, may have
familiar consolation in the grave.

Antipater

Sophocles

WITH *petalled roses, and the subtle line
of tendrils drooping round the mother-vine,
ivy, compose your green and living frieze
gently about the grave of Sophocles,
who borrowed from the Muses and the Three
the deliberate accent of eternity.*

Simias

“Turn down a full glass !”

STRANGER, *when passing by this tomb of
mine,
offer Anacreon one more glass of wine.*

Anon.

Venus toute entière à sa proie attachée

HERE of thy lovers dreaming, Teian swan,
thou liest in thy grave Anacreon.

And still thou singest, still from marble thrill us,
the ivy-fragrant praises of Bathyllus.

And still thou burnest, where in death thou art,
With all of Venus grappled to thy heart.

Antipater of Sidon

Pindar

PINDAR, the ringing blacksmith of the skies,
the bugle of Pieria, silent lies,
but still his Odes, as though the Muses' hive
sang Cadmus to his bridal-chamber, live.

Antipater of Sidon

Aristophanes

THE Graces, seeking everlasting peace,
took sanctuary with Aristophanes.

Plato

Æschylus

FAR from his Attica in Sicily
Æschylus slumbers. Isle, be proud! for he
first vastly ranged in beauty's lyric rage
the tragic diapason of the stage.

Antipater of Thessalonica

Democritus

QUEEN of the laughterless dead, Persephone,
welcome Democritus to Hell! For he
brings to the shades the laughter, that beguiled
your Mother, when she sought, and wept her child.

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

Plato

- A. *WHAT starry proof, for whom, does thou
adduce,
eagle, still gazing from this tomb on Zeus?*
- B. *Plato's the dust. But how his soul ascended
these wings attest, these eyes where journey
ended.*

Anon.

Archilochus the Lampoonist

*HERE by the sea, Archilochus, whose brine
is not as bitter as that snake-verse of thine,
thou liest, after fouling Helicon.
Lycambes mourning for three daughters gone
knew thee. And wayfarer, pass quickly, lest
you stir what is for wasps the perfect nest.*

Gaetulicus

Socrates

DRINK *deep of truth and wisdom, where with
these*

Zeus stays his own in heaven, Socrates.

*And think with hemlock Athens in the grave
her prophet saved, herself, who could not save!*

Diogenes Laertius

Pythagoras and the Dog

WHEN *someone beat a dog, he stopped and said
“ You beat—who knows?—a human friend
instead.”*

Xenophanes

Priam's Tomb

PRIAM'S *small tomb, raised by the Greeks,
doth show*

how great a man may have how mean a foe.

Antipater

The Dead Comedian

HERE *lies Philistion, the laughing mime,
who has enacted Death for the last time.*

Anon.

“Sed miles, sed pro patria”

WAR *takes the brave, but spares the coward. Thus
here lies the soldier Democritus.*

Anacreon

The Dead Fowler

NO *longer birds, your airy fastness climb,
fearing Poemander, and his fowler's lime,
but fold your wings now on the tranquil plane!
The Melian will not come this way again.*

Mnasalcas of Sicyon

The Dead Neat-herd

UNSHEPHERDED *his cattle wander home
knee-deep through snow-drifts. But Thuri-
machus
sleeps underneath the oak. He will not come
this night, or any night, to comfort us.*

Diotimus

Nico to Melite

OLD Nico of the maiden Melite
*here wreathes the grave. Death, why should
such things be?*

Philippus

The Dead Grasshopper

WHERE *Alcis keeps her state, shrill grass-
hopper,
no more shall sun invest thy tiny glee.
Now only Pluto hears thy music stir
the dew-rich flowers of gold Persephone.*

Aristodicus of Rhodes

To the Locust to Sing Again

LOVE'S *anodyne, remembrancer of sleep,*
thou country poet, with song beneath thy wing,
thou mimic harp of nature, locust, keep
thy tiny ballet, and, green dancer, sing
some sleepy tune that, sliding through the mesh
woven by care, will blandish love away.
And with the dawn I'll bring a leek all fresh,
and from the grasses blow the dew in spray.

Meleager

The Cat and the Tame Partridge

HOUND of *Actæon, fell and ravening cat,*
slaying his partridge, you your master slay,
nor, while you ape the poacher, wonder that
the mice are playing now the cat's away.

Damocharis the Grammarian

The Ant's Grave

ANT, *by the threshing-floor, where thou didst labour,*

I set this mound of earth. Sleep, little neighbour well after toil, and let this mimic barrow recall Demeter, and the upturned furrow.

Antipater of Sidon

To Lais Dead

LAIS, *who gathered in her narrow hands the lilies in all beauty's fairylands, has cried the long farewell to love's delight, to tears and strife, and, in the lampless night, sees not, where high in heaven their courses run the golden-bitted stallions of the sun.*

Pompeius

Euripides

THOUGH *dead you speak, Euripides. For all the land of Greece is your memorial.*

Anon.

After Salamis

PELOPONNESUS! *Your four thousand sons
sleep after battle with three millions.*

Simonides

Thermopylæ

TELL *Sparta, friend, that we lie here as token
that we were Spartans. Leave the rest unspoken.*

Simonides

Charon's Small Passenger

CHARON, *who through death's reedy waters
steers*

*your company of quiet passengers,
let down the ladder for the ghost that was,
and is, the frightened child of Cinyras.
And see his sandals slipping! Must he tread
with small bare feet the mudflats of the dead?*

Zonas of Sardis

The Drowned Sailor's Jersey

THE sea that drowned me as a final mercy
left my dead body with its sailor's jersey.
The reckless hands, that stripped me, earned
by this,
rags, and the guilt of the last infamies.
But, when you die, thief, slip it on and—well,
notice what happens when you get to Hell!

Plato

The Thracian Mother of Themistocles

I AM the Thracian woman—listen! Greece—
Abrotonon, who bore Themistocles.

Anon.

Tit for Tat

MY slayer buried me to ease his mind.
God send his kindness be repaid in kind.

Anon.

Timon of Athens in the Grave

“*IS life or death more hateful, Timon, tell !*”
“*Death ! There are far more fools like you in Hell.*”

Callimachus

Despite all Lethe

*AS small this stone, so great my love. And you,
despite all Lethe, friend, remember too !*

Anon.

The Unknown Sailor's Tomb

*ASK not, sea-farer, whose this tomb may be,
but go thy ways, and find a friendlier sea !*

Anon.

Parmenius, another Lampoonist

POUR on, *Parmenius*, his foul mouth to stitch
that even earth can't silence, boiling pitch.
No less will do, for every word he uses
which doesn't drown with bile, smothers the *Muses*.
The *Oddyssy* was mud, he thought, and, mad,
preferred a bramble to the *Iliad*.
Hell with a halter from his folly woke him,
squeezing his throat, but even that can't choke him.

Erycius

Euphorion the poet (1st version)

THEY call these the *Long Walls*. But he has
gone
past longer, prince of poets, *Euphorion*.
And let the fruits he loved, the sacred Three,
console the *Eleusinian* votary.

Theodoridus

Euphorion the poet (2nd version)

SINCE *past walls longer than Long Walls art
gone,
we make, dear prince of poets, Euphorion,
with myrtle and the fruits you loved, the Three,
your grave an Eleusinian mystery*

Theodoridus

Irreparable Rose

HELIODORA, *this last offering,
poured out from the cup of tears, to you I bring
tears on the earth, tears on the grave, the tears
of love, of longing, and all the remembered years,
these bitter tears, where in the dark your grace
scatters its unseen alms of loveliness.
Rose of the heart, irreparable rose
that death has plucked untimely, thus she goes,
and thus, oh earth, of whom all beauty is part
take this bright flower, and fold her to your heart!*

Meleager

Meleager's Own Epitaph

TREAD *lightly, friend, where by the happy dead
sleeps, all night long, in the universal bed,
old Meleager, who sang love's April weather,
first tears, then smiles, and then the two together.
Great Tyre and Gadara reared him. Leaving
these
in kindly Cos he passed his age at peace.
"Salaam," if Syrian, stranger, "Naidius"
if Tyrian, "Chair," if Greek—and answer thus.*

Meleager

Lie Gently, Earth

LIGHT-FOOT, *light-heart, earth, was
Æsigenes.
Here are his bones ; be thou as light on these.*

Meleager

Grave of a Baby

“ALAS! poor baby!” cries her stone. But she—

the dead Theodota—makes answer: “Rather think that we all are born to misery, nor weep for me, who have escaped it, father.”

Philetas of Samos

A Child's Grave

*WHY have you robbed Callæschron of his breath?
Do you hunt babies too, remorseless death?
And could you not have found, Persephone,
some toy that would not break the heart of me?*

Anon.

Timas

*FOR Timas, that Persephone unwed
lit to the dusty bridal of the dead,
the girls who loved her, cut their hair, and bring
this fallen gold, as a last offering.*

Sappho

Meniscus to Pelagon

THIS oar and basket to his son—
Meniscus gives to Pelagon.
Stranger! in these poor tributes see
the fisherman's epitome!

Sappho

The Slave Enfranchised

YOU were a slave, but only, Zosime,
in body, and that body death sets free

Damascius the Philosopher

Theodote

YOU make us, painter, see her living yet.
Could you not fail, and teach us to forget?

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

The Night has a Thousand Eyes

YOU watch the stars. I'd watch, were I the
skies,
my love with gold and multitudinous eyes.

Anon.

Love and Thyrsis

WHILE Thyrsis, the nymph's shepherd, on the
reed

Pan's little brother, lies at noon asleep
under the pine, seeing his loved-one's need,
Love takes the crook, and watches by the sheep.

Myrinus

The Declamatory Poems

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The Old Racehorse

LEARN from my fate how ill the end may be
of Pegasus in his own Thessaly.

*There was no race at any festival,
even the Olympic, but I won them all,
and now a horse, forgotten and forlorn,
I drag the mill-stone to grind out the corn.*

Anon.

The Other Nine Muses

THESE were the women who, drinking, learned
to sing

*from Helicon and the Pierian spring—
Praxilla, the great Lesbian Sappho, Moero,
Anyte, who like Homer chaunts the hero,
high Telesilla, and the girl Erinna,
and you who sang Athene's shield, Corinna,
sweet voice of Myrtis, Nossis that assuages
the heart—all these belong now to the ages.
Zeus made Nine Muses for the gods, and then
Earth bare another nine to ravish men.*

Antipater of Thessalonica

Gather You Rosebuds . . .

GO seek the rose that blew upon the morn
as brief as fair—and find instead the thorn.

Anon.

Cypris and the Muses

SAID Cypris to the Muses “ I’ll send Cupid
all-armed to plague you, if you don’t praise
Venus.”

The Muses said to Cypris, “ Don’t be stupid !
your baby couldn’t cross the gulf between us.”

Musicius

The Gold and the Rope

ONE man found gold, and left his rope. Another,
who’d lost the first, hanged himself finding t’other.

Statyllius Flaccus

R. I. P.

FORTUNE *and hope, farewell! And keep
your laughter,
now I am home, for other men hereafter.*

Anon.

Swift Sister Swallow

ALL *day I heard your high heart-broken laughter,
swallow, and, hearing, cried, " Is there no place
or time when you forget, Pandion's daughter,
your maidenhood, and Tereus, King of Thrace?
Pamphilus*

The Stars' Gold Pity

THE *Spring redeems the earth, the stars' gold pity
the sky, these men all Hellas and their city.*

Anon.

Heraclitus and Democritus

SINCE *life was ne'er so tragic, Heraclitus,
if you weep more than ever, you do well ;
and laugh still more, Democritus, to spite us !
for life was never half so laughable.
But in between the two of you, the bother
is shall I weep with one, or laugh with t'other ?*

Anon.

Celle qui fut . . .

CORINTH, *in what lost island of the West
glitters your ancient glory? Where are they—
temples and palaces and loveliest—
gold girls and all your lads of yesterday?
Nothing of thee, ill-fated, but has slid
down the smooth appetites of war, to be
only a legend that a Nereid
is singing with her sisters from the sea.*

Antipater of Sidon

Herodotus

HERODOTUS *received the Muses. Look!*
and in return, each gave her host a book.

Anon.

Hesiod and Pyrrha

I ON *Hesiod idly browsing,*
when I saw where Pyrrha trod,
dumped the volume with a rousing
“ So much for old Hesiod ! ”

Marcus Argentarius

Love answers Zeus

“ WHAT *will you do, Love, when your darts are*
gone ? ”
Cried Zeus. “ Why ! turn you back into a
swan ! ”

Anon.

The Temple of Fortune converted into
an Inn.

HER *temple has become an inn of late.*
How odd that Fortune is unfortunate !

Palladas

The Fowler to his Victim

WHY *dost thou flutter thus from bough to bough ?*
There was another bird as shy as thou ;
yet at the last, sorely against her will,
trembling, she yielded to my fowler's skill.

Anon.

The Plane-tree

SEE! *how the plane-tree round those lovers
weaves*

*its untranslucent canopy of leaves,
and how the vine, the summer's dark delight,
adds purple to the branches' greener night.*

*So! flourish plane! and may you ever prove
green refuge for the lover and his love.*

Thallus of Miletus

Lais

I, LAIS, *am not Lais, but a curled
petal, who was the sweetheart of the world.*
*Remember Cypris! but how vain to pray is,
when Lais' self can scarce remember Lais.*

Secundus of Tarentum

The Tiresome Cock

WHY dost thou wake me, bird? and banish
hence
the dream I had of Pyrrha? Not for this
I fed, and suffered thy magnificence
among the hens, thou Chanticleer of Dis.
I swear, by Serapis, to-morrow morn
thou'lt grace her altar, by whom I have sworn.

Marcus Argentarius

Epitaph on an Unmercenary Army

THREE hundred, when the earth and ocean
shaken
gave Persia land to sail, the straits to tread,
saving what sea and mountain had forsaken,
died with their Spartan spears, and are not
dead.

Parmenion

The Epigram

*TWO lines of epigram exhaust their topic.
With one line more the thing becomes an epic.*

Cyrillus

Chorus of Indolent Reviewers

*TOADIES of the established, scourge of youth,
insects that poison, while you feed on truth,
ravenous curs, the scavengers of rhyme,
worms, that through works of genius trail your
slime,
tearing up verse to see if it will grow,
pack of intolerable critics, go!*

Antiphanes

The Reed and Aphrodite

*YOU seek her house, of Aphrodite's ire
beware, slim reed that mountain shepherds use.
Here are the haunts of Love and pale desire,
no hills nor valleys of the rustic Muse.*

Mnasalcas

Ink

*YOU send me snow-white paper, perfect pens,
but where's the poet's ink? Next time have sense!*

Leonidas of Alexandria

To Shepherds to Spare the Cricket

*SHEPHERDS, why tease the cricket, why assail
within the dewy darkness of the wood,
or on the hill, the little nightingale,
whose fleeting babble charms the solitude?
Here are the thrush and blackbird, here the swarm
of clamorous starlings. These instead pursue,
for they are thieves. But, since I do no harm,
spare me my leaves, and this small draught of
dew?*

Anon.

Fallen Pompey

*THE world that was his temple, scarce had room
to find six feet for fallen Pompey's tomb.*

Anon.

Flute, Harp, and Song

PLAY *on the double flute (can you refuse
Melpomene?), and I will pluck the string,
while the clear voice of Daphnis doth confuse
both flute and harp, all music ravishing.
So in this shaggy cave the mingled notes
will wake old Pan, and bid him tend his goats.*

Theocritus

The Astronomer

MORTAL *I know myself, and fleeting. Yet
when I behold the stars encompassing
heaven with their gold Euclid, I forget—
and feast in heaven, a god, beside the King.*

Ptolemæus

Vacuum Viator

THIEVES! *other homes would yield a safer haul.
Want is the best policeman of them all.*

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

The Temple of Zeus in Athens

THIS *House was built for Zeus, where he will find
in Athens the heaven he has left behind.*

Anon.

Myron's Heifer. I.

HAS *Myron's little heifer never stirred?
Goad her, and she will follow with the herd.*

Anon.

Myron's Heifer. II.

HERDSMAN, *when to the fields your herd you
drive,
leave Myron's heifer. She is not alive.*

Anacreon.

Myron's Heifer. III.

MYRON, *you lied! No human hand could
mould her.*

Your heifer put on bronze, as she grew older.

Anacreon

Myron's Heifer. IV.

“THIS *heifer*” *Myron might with truth aver,
“I did not mould, but copied mine from her.”*

Evenus

Myron's Heifer. V.

IF *Myron hadn't fixed her feet in bronze,
his heifer would have joined the other ones.*

Anon.

Myron's Heifer. VI.

NO wonder, calf, you came to me and nuzzled.
You can't find milk, and low, because you're
puzzled.

Antipater of Sidon

Myron's Heifer. VII.

MYRON looked for his heifer, and only found her
by driving off the other cows around her.

Anon.

Myron's Heifer. VIII.

IF you should see my herdsman, tell him, stranger,
that Myron tied me here, in case of danger.

Marcus Argentarius

Myron's Heifer. IX.

ONE final rush, before the bronze could settle,
and he'd have trapped the life too in the metal.

Anon.

Lines to Love Carved on a Drinking-
Bowl

*WHY carve love on the bowl, add fire to fire?
Unless you want to make my heart a pyre.*

Ænomæus

Priapus of the Beaches

*ME, a Priapus small, without a single
beauty of head or foot, boys on lone beaches
might have hacked out, and set upon the shingle
against that island. But what I beseech is
that you remember how upon the second
I reach my fishermen, know all their needs,
and point them to the catch. Let gods be reckoned
not by their graces, then, but by their deeds.*

Archias

Call upon Pan !

WHETHER you track the hare, or on the hill
with fowler's reed, smeared artfully, you climb,
call upon Pan. He shows the dog the kill,
and lifts the gouty branches of the lime.

Satyrus

The Astrologers

I AM short-lived, say the astrologers.
I am Seleucus. I don't give a curse.
There is one span for all men. If mine's small,
I'll see old Minos earlier. That's all.
Drink!—and observe how wine—the racehorse—
spurs
past life's pedestrian teetotallers.

Antipater of Sidon

The Convivial and Satiric Poems

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The Universal Silences

DAWN follows dawn, and, though we do not
bark, one
day or another suddenly the Dark One
calls ; and we pass, by that road or by this,
into the universal silences.

Ammianus

Bibendum igitur

WE shall not drink for ever, will not woo
hereafter. Let's do both then, I and you,
while yet we may ; don wreaths and spill the scent,
before they bring these to our monument.
So live, that from the bones once yours and mine
the Flood itself could not expunge the wine.

Strato

The Banquet

ARTEMIDORUS *cabbage, caviare*
from Aristarchus, as these onions are
Athenagoras' gift, from me the liver
to add to yesterday's three pounds left over.
Buy wreaths and eggs, and scent, and sandals
quick,
and say we start at four upon the tick.

Philodemus

Dye and Wig

NOW *that's your hair's coal-black fools say you*
dye it.
We know, Nicilla, that is how you buy it!

Lucilius

The Boxer's Face

OLYMPICUS, *don't look into a mirror*
lest, like Narcissus, you drown yourself—in terror.

Lucilius

The World's Worst Boxer

APIS! *the men you boxed with, grateful that you never hit one of them, erect this statue.*

Lucilius

I. The World's Worst Runner

AN *earthquake lately made the whole world flinch, but failed to make this runner move an inch.*

Lucilius

II. The World's Worst Runner

MARCUS, *when running in the armoured race, went on till midnight, when they closed the place, and I don't blame the stewards, for they must have thought the fellow was another bust. But, when they went again next year, the ghost of Marcus was still running—at the post.*

Lucilius

Marcus and the Trumpet

MARCUS *took up a trumpet, but, when he blew it, he was so thin, he shot himself clean through it.*

Lucilius

Macron and the Mouse

COMING *on Macron fast asleep, a mouse dragged by the foot the pigmy to her house. But Macron choked her, crying, "Zeus, with these bare hands prevails your second Hercules."*

Lucilius

The Stratonicean

BUILD *a new city for this poisonous Stratonicean, or, if not, for us.*

Ammianus

Chæremon's Troy Weight

CHÆREMON, *floating lighter than a feather,*
would certainly have vanished altogether,
unless by luck he'd come upon a spider,
and hung face downwards in her web beside her.
And he would still be hanging on his head,
if he'd not seen, and clambered down, a thread.

Lucilius

The Oculist and the Statue's Eyes

SAY "*Farewell, light!*" *Demostratus.* Then
try on
your luckless eyes the remedies of Dion.
He blinded his last case, and, after that, you
may care to know he blinded the man's statue.

Nicharchus

The Doctor and the God

LAST *night the Doctor saw this marble bust.*
To-day, through marble and a god, he's dust.

Nicharchus

The Quack

I SAW *no Doctor, but, feeling queer inside,
just thought of one, and naturally died.*

Callicter

The Surgeon's Craft

“DEAD?” *cried the surgeon, laying down the
knife.*

“*Ab well! I've saved him from a cripple's life.*”

Nicharchus

Si jeunesse savait

I HATE *all those who call a man a flumer
because he's young, although he writes like Homer,
and till he's bent, and bald, and cannot see,
say that he'd better learn his A. B. C.*

*But, God in heaven, can't a poet capture
wisdom, until he's gone and got a rupture?*

Lucilius

Eutychides the Poetaster

EUTYCHIDES *is dead, and what is worse*
(fly wretched shades !) *he's coming with his verse.*
And listen ! they have burned upon his pyre
two tons of music, and a ton of lyre.
You're caught, poor ghosts. But what I want to
know
is where the Hell, now he's in hell, to go.

Lucilius

Eutychus the Painter

TO *get one likeness true poor old Eutychus*
got twenty sons, who asked " Why aren't you like
us ? "

Lucilius

The Dog it was that Died

A VIPER *bit a Cappadocian.*
The snake it was that perished, not the man.

Demodocus

I. The Sluggard

MARCUS *confessed to murder, lazy lout,
when gaoled, to save the trouble of coming out.*

Lucilius

II. The Sluggard

MARCUS, *the sluggard, dreamed he ran a race,
and never went to sleep again in case—*

Lucilius

The Planudean Poems

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Country Delights

NO city, *Philotherus*, but a pillow
deep in the country, *whispered by the West*,
I'll choose (come with me !), and we'll lie by willow
and those pale trees, that crowned the Carian
feast.

And we'll have wine, and, bending to the lyre,
we'll praise that lady all a summer night,
our island-queen, that was a god's desire—
and share Olympus, and the god's delight.

Nicænetus

“The Bacchante” of Scopas

“WHO'S *this ?*” “*Bacchante.*” “*Carved*
by ?” “*Scopas.*” “*Who*
maddened her ? Bacchus ?” “*Scopas did that*
too.”

Simonides

Berenice and Venus

IS *this of Berenice or of Venus*
the statue? Stranger, can you choose between us?

Asclepiades

Pheidias and his Statue of Zeus

EITHER *Zeus came to earth to be engraven,*
or else you saw him, Pheidias, in heaven.

Philippus

Icarus

REMEMBER, *Icarus, that you are bronze.*
Trust not your wings, nor yet the sculptor's skill.
You fell from heaven into ocean once :
How should you fly now that you're heavier
still ?

Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

Praxiteles and Niobe

GODS *into stone from woman changed me. Then
Praxiteles transformed me back again.*

Anon.

The Statue of Ariadne

NONE *could have carved thee, but a god alone,
as Bacchus saw thee, leaning on that stone.*

Anon.

Ariadne and Theseus

WAKE *not this marble Ariadne, lest
she think of Theseus, and renew the quest.*

Anon.

Toute une mer immense ou fuyaient des
galères

HERE *Polycleitus* most divinely drew
divine *Pollyxena*. See! how she tries
to hide her beauty from the *Argives*, who
watch *Ilion* tumble in her pleading eyes.

Pollianus

An Experiment in Echo

"DEAR *Echo*, will you grant me somewhat?"

"What?"

"Say not my lady does not love me." "Not!"

"Time thwarts me. Still I seek her." "Seek
her still."

"Say that I love her and I will." "I will!"

"Here is a pledge of gold. I send it." "Send it."

"Nothing remains now but to end it." "End it."

Gauradas

Praxiteles and Cypris

“ SHAME ! ” *Cypris cries her statue when she
sees,*

“ *You saw me naked ! When, Praxiteles ? ”*

Plato

The Judgment of Paris

PALLAS *and Hera, murmured at the sight
of Cypris’ statue “ Paris, you were right.”*

Evenus

Hermes of Cyllene

I, HERMES, *guard Cyllene, but I am
God also of these mountain-nurseries,
where with grape-hyacinth and marjoram
the children crown me underneath the trees.*

Nicias

Love in Chains

WHO bound thee, winged one, chained thy living
fire
and dared to violate thy starry quiver?
Who manacled the hands of gold desire,
who, bowman, stole away thy bow for ever?
In vain! For even the sculptor did but bind
love with the chains he found in his own mind.

Satyrus

Love and Zeus

LOVE left his torch and bow, to don the pouch
and cudgel of the oxherd (with his slouch).
Thus travestied, urging his patient yoke
along the furrow, winking at Zeus, he spoke:
“Think of Europa, and be bountiful,
lest for the plough this time I use you, bull.”

Moschus

A Country-god

I AM *no Lebanonian, nor delight
in young men serenading through the night.
My mother was a country nymph, and I
am the small country-god of husbandry.
I have my garlands, like the seasons, four,
and a fair garden. Friend, I ask no more.*

Anon.

Lines to Love Engraved on a Pepper-caster

WHETHER *asleep, or lifeless, that high-stepper
love never lacks his little pinch of pepper.*

Gabriel the Prefect

You Need no Torch . . .

YOU *need no torch to light your lamp. The love
that burns my soul up will be fire enough.*

Anon.

Love and Death

*"SWIFT are thy wings, and sharp thy arrows, yet
Eros, the grave will set thy captive free."
Silence, my foolish heart! Dost thou forget
the Lord of Hell and his Persephone?*

Meleager

Lines on the Painting of a Faun

*FAUN, leaning sideways to thy silent flute,
Is there some tune thou hearest? Thou art mute,
smiling, as though some bright forgetful choice
and not the sculptor, had constrained thy voice,
but bent upon the flute, of thine own will,
laughing for ever, wert for ever still.*

Agathias

On a Satyr Engraved on a Cup

THIS *faun the sculptor lulled, but did not make
him.*


He sleeps in silver, and a touch will wake him.

Plato (the younger)

Homer

IF *Homer was a god, no incense hurts,
if mortal, none can equal his deserts.*

Anon.



*Others
Abide*

*

*Humbert
Wolfe*

